forward, but anxious only to serve his country, and, as all his listeners will surely know, fit to be trusted. If this ever happens, then let stock-brokers be of good-cheer and buy Government securities; let gas-masks be laid aside, armies disbanded, Mr. Churchill reconcile himself to again being out of office, and revolutionaries stick to their Senior Common Rooms; for it will mean that for a while the wicked will cease from troubling and the weary be at rest.

Relations between MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin were harmonious. As they lived next door to one another in Downing Street, with a convenient gate connecting their two gardens, intercourse was easy and informal. With unfailing tact, Air. Baldwin soothed the Prime Minister's easily ruffled vanity; and MacDonald felt that in his Lord President of the Council he had the helpmeet he needed—like one of those plain, dull wives, the temperamental are sometimes fortunate enough to acquire, who fend off creditors, fill hot-water bottles, make delicious scones, and loncomplainingly efface themselves during meteoric love-affairs. In tranquil times their partnership might have ksted indefinitely with the possibility of the monotony being varied by their occasionally changing houses arxd offices.

This pleasant prospect was spoilt by the times* persistent refusal to be tranquil. The Disarmament Conference had settled down to inertia, Japan was embarking on a 'forward policy* (in choosing thus to describe a projected conquest of China, paying faint Nipponese tribute to the gospel of Progress); Dr. Briining's position as German Chancellor was becoming increasingly insecure, and he was soon to be repkced by Herr

von Papen, by General Schleicher, by Hitler; Indian gaols were crowded, even Cyprus was agitated; and a project for a Danubian Federation created all-round apprehension—where it was opposed in case it might be realised; where it was favoured, in case it might be prevented. More, and still more conferences were necessary; and though the Prime Minister had by no means lost his taste for them, his performance, like the sequels to *The Forsyte Saga* which Galsworthy continued to produce until his death in 1933